

## Chapter 13

In the weeks following the Yule Ball, Harry and the girls focused on preparing for the upcoming second task. Since they weren't sure what they were facing, they studied spells to combat magical beasts, dueling, and – in case the worst happened – spells to hide.

Harry struggled with the Disillusionment Charm, but he was surprisingly gifted at dueling. Even though the girls were older than him, he won more often than not when it was one-on-one. Of course, that may have had to do with the incentives they gave him. If he won in a duel, he was allowed to do anything he wanted to with them. If he didn't, they would tease him horribly, not giving him any relief until he did.

Unsurprisingly, Angelina liked dueling with him the most. The witch got off on being tied up and used in front of everyone else. Harry even thought the girls had lost to him on purpose in the beginning until they convinced him they weren't. He even did well in the three-on-one duels they practiced, though at the end of those, he usually ended up being the one tied up and used. Not that he was complaining, of course.

In the days leading up to the second task, they finally took a break from training. Hermione rightly pointed out that they'd learned everything they could, and there was no point exhausting themselves before the task.

On the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, they were once again called to Dumbledore's office. Apolline and Gabrielle greeted Harry warmly and then followed him and Fleur back down to the Great Hall.

“Ow do you feel about the task?” Apolline asked.

“Nervous, but I think I'm ready,” Harry replied as Gabrielle slipped between him and Fleur and held their hands.

"We are," Fleur said confidently. "We 'ave trained as much as we can. But I'm sure I will win zis time."

"We'll see," Harry smiled.

Apolline smiled as they entered the Great Hall. After exchanging greetings and hugs with Hermione, Nadine, and Aurora, they all sat down. As she climbed over the bench, Fleur's necklace dangled out of her robes, and Apolline reached out to examine it.

"Is zis what 'Arry gave you for Christmas?" she asked.

"Oui," Fleur smiled. "I love eet. I don't know 'ow I would 'ave survived zis cold weather wizout it."

"It's beautiful," Apolline said, letting go and turning to Harry. "'Ave you used the present Fleur got you?"

Harry felt his cheeks burn as he remembered the book of coupons sitting in his trunk up in the dorm. He was glad the Great Hall was mostly empty as the girls smirked at him. They enjoyed embarrassing him too much, he decided.

"Er, yeah, I have," he said after a moment.

"'E's used all but two," Fleur added.

"Really?" Apolline asked, her lips quirked in an amused smile.

"He hasn't used Angelina's either," Aurora said with a grin. "He likes to taunt her with it. He *could* use it, but she likes him too much to say no to anything he asks. That girl's an absolute slut. I love it!"

Harry blushed harder and looked around the Great Hall to make sure no one was listening while the girls laughed.

“Er, maybe we should go for a walk around the castle,” he suggested.

“We should show maman ze room Dobby showed us,” Fleur said excitedly.

“That’s a great idea,” Aurora agreed.

Harry swallowed nervously as he stood and followed them out of the Great Hall. As they climbed the stairs, Aurora and Fleur were more than happy to fill Apolline in on all the details of their sex life. By the time they reached the fifth floor, Hermione was blushing just as hard as Harry was. Veela were very open about their sexuality, and it was just too much for their delicate British sensibilities to handle.

Stepping inside the Room of Requirement, Harry found himself in Delacour Manor. Fleur had shown it to him before, but with Apolline there, it felt different, though he couldn’t quite say how. Gabrielle was delighted and immediately dragged Harry up the stairs to show him her room. Running over to the bookcase against the wall, she grabbed an armload of Harry Potter books and started chattering away rapidly in French.

“What did she say?” Harry asked.

“She wants to know if you will sign them,” Fleur said with a soft smile.

She then said something to her sister in French that caused her to pout sadly.

“I told ‘er that these aren’t really ‘er books, zey just look like zem,” Fleur explained.

“Oh,” Harry said. “But can’t she just take them with her?”

“Maybe,” Hermione replied, biting her lip. “Some things can leave the room, and some things can’t. I haven’t figured out why yet.”

“Well then,” Harry said, turning to Gabrielle. “How about you bring your books for the third task, and I’ll sign them then?”

Fleur translated for him, and Gabrielle gave him a beaming smile before jumping into his arms and hugging him tightly. Harry chuckled as he patted her back and set her down on the floor. Kissing him on the cheek with a grateful smile, Apolline led Gabrielle back downstairs, and they all took seats in the living room.

They talked for over an hour, catching up and discussing the upcoming task. Eventually, the sun set outside, and Apolline checked her watch.

“What time does ze task start?” she asked.

“Eight,” Hermione said. “We’ve got about an hour.”

Gabrielle spoke up, and Apolline sighed while Fleur chuckled.

“She said she’s hungry, but zey ate before zey left ze house,” she explained to Harry.

“Do you want to take her down to the kitchens?” Harry asked. “I’m sure the Elves could make something for her.”

“I’ll take her,” Aurora volunteered. “You and Fleur just relax until the task.”

“Merci, Aurora,” Apolline smiled.

After a brief discussion, Gabrielle got up and followed Aurora out of the Room of Requirement. As soon as the door was closed, Apolline stood, walked over to Harry, and pulled him to his feet.

“Come,” she said. “Zere’s somezing I want to show you.”

Harry let her lead him back upstairs and down the hall to the master bedroom. Glancing over his shoulder, his heart rate jumped when Fleur flashed an anticipatory grin and closed the door after Hermione and Nadine stepped inside. Swallowing nervously, he turned back to Apolline, only to feel her lips on his. Harry rested his hands on her hips and kissed her back, his excitement swelling rapidly as she pressed her generous curves against his muscular frame.

“Mmh,” Apolline moaned when she pulled back, her blue eyes glittering with excitement. “I ‘ave been waiting for zis since Christmas.”

“Should I go get my coupon?” Harry asked, using humor to mask his nerves.

Apolline smirked, “Non. I like ze thought of you surprising me at home, or work, or een public and making me ‘onor eet.”

Harry swallowed thickly, his excitement pulsating as he thought about surprising Apolline and shagging her in some random shop in France.

“She’s as bad as Angelina,” Nadine giggled.

“Worse,” Fleur smirked.

Taking Harry by the hand, Apolline led him over to the vanity next to the bed and guided him into the chair. As he looked up at her, she opened the clasp of her robe and let it fall to the floor.

Harry gasped at what she wore underneath – a pair of black stockings, suspenders, and absolutely nothing else. Her body looked a lot like her daughter's, but she had bigger breasts, wider hips, and a more generous bum. It was like someone had taken a picture of the ideal woman and turned the dial up to eleven.

Slowly, Apolline dropped to her knees between his legs and ran her hands up his thighs. With deft fingers, she quickly undid his trousers. Harry lifted his hips so she could pull them down, and his hard, pulsating length sprang free.

“Oh la la,” Apolline murmured, licking her lips as she wrapped her hand around his shaft. “Are you sure you weesh to share zis, Fleur?”

“Oui,” she panted.

Harry looked up from Apolline's angelic face just in time to see Fleur strip down to her white lace knickers. She shoved her hand down the front of her panties with a light gasp, her eyes staring wide-eyed and lustfully at Apolline's hand as she stroked him languidly. A couple of feet to the left, Nadine had her arms wrapped around Hermione, her hands teasing her over her clothes while she kissed and sucked at the side of the brunette's neck.

Harry throbbed excitedly and looked back down at Apolline just as she parted her red, full lips and wrapped them around his glans. Gasping, he bucked his hips lightly while she moaned around him. Like Fleur, she seemed to genuinely enjoy performing orally. With a pleasure-filled hiss, Harry reached out and brushed her thick, golden locks out of the way, holding them in a ponytail so he could watch her lips traverse his shaft.

In moments, Apolline had his full length buried in her throat, her nose pressed tightly against his abdomen.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

Looking up at him with sparkling blue eyes, she smirked around him and slowly pulled back, her cheeks hollowed out from the suction she applied. A groan left his lips as she reached his head, her lips popping loudly as they came free of his engorged head.

“Mmh, so beeg,” Apolline purred, stroking him gently.

Sitting up on her knees, Apolline cupped the sides of her pale breasts and wrapped them around his length. They enveloped his shaft, leaving only his red, swollen head peeking out from between her soft, warm mounds. Harry threw his head back and groaned when she took his tip between her lips, swirling her tongue around him as she massaged his length with her breasts.

When he tilted his head forward again, he glanced at the bed. Fleur, Nadine, and Hermione were completely naked, their legs spread as they played with themselves. He didn't get to enjoy the view for long. Apolline drew his attention back to her when she gave his glans a particularly hard suck. The constant attention on the most sensitive part of his manhood was rapidly driving him towards the edge.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted, bucking his hips. “I'm not going to last much longer if you keep that up.”

Looking up at him, Apolline hollowed her cheeks, sucking as hard as she could while her tongue circled his incredibly sensitive glans. The sensation was so powerful it was almost too much for him to bear. His hips bucked off of the chair, his muscles tightened, and his body trembled. Any words of warning he might have said caught in his throat when she jerked her breasts up and down his shaft while her tongue circled the rim of his engorged head.

With a wordless grunt, he erupted in her voracious mouth. Apolline moaned as she continued to suck him dry. Her throat convulsed with each pulse of his shaft. After a few moments, Harry collapsed back into the chair, panting. Swallowing one last time, Apolline smirked as she pulled off of him and let her breasts fall out of the way. A single strand of saliva stretched between his head and her bottom lip until she broke it with her tongue.

“I 'ope you are not done so soon,” she purred.

Her Allure flared, and Harry's breath caught in his throat. His slightly softened member sprang back to life, harder than ever. With barely a conscious thought, he stood up, pulled Apolline to her feet, and lifted her off the ground by her full, round bum. Carrying her over to the bed, he tossed her onto the mattress, pulled her hips to the edge, and speared into her depths. Apolline arched her back and moaned, staring up at him with a lustful gaze as he began hammering in and out of her leaking depths.

It seemed like being turned on by a man who took charge and wasn't consumed by the Allure wasn't just a Fleur thing; it was a Delacour thing.

"Oui," Fleur gasped, fingering herself furiously. "Take 'er. Make 'er crave you as much as I do, mon amour."

"E's fucking me so 'ard," Apolline moaned, squeezing one breast harshly while the other bounced rapidly from his furious thrusts. "Is it not enough you ruined my daughter? Do you need to ruin me too?"

Her Allure flared again, and Harry growled as he leaned over her. His subconscious picked up on what her magic and body were begging for. Replacing the hand on her breast with her own, his fingers sank deeply into the pale, soft flesh as he squeezed hard. He grabbed her shoulder with his other hand and began hammering into her as fast and as hard as he could.

A sharp, wet slap sounded throughout the room every time his sex collided with hers. Apolline's mouth fell open, her face and chest flushed red as she clenched the sheets in a white-knuckled grip. Harry huffed and puffed as he hammered into her harder than he had ever fucked anyone before.

Grasping her nipple between his fingers, he gave it a sudden, brutal twist. Apolline sucked in a deep breath and then arched her back as she let out a long, high-pitched scream. She plummeted over the edge into a powerful climax, causing her depths to flutter wildly around his surging length. Watching her blank, wide-eyed stare, gaping mouth, and flushed face, knowing he'd brought her that kind of pleasure, filled Harry with a sense of pride that swelled in his chest.



Apolline squirmed around under him from the intense sensation as she continued to scream. She squirmed so much that she caused him to fall out of her, and she yelped when his rock-hard shaft grazed her overly sensitive clit on his next thrust. Panting heavily, Harry wiped the sweat from his brow and let her have a moment to relax.

“You alright?” Harry asked, relaxing his grip on her breast.

Her eyes flew open, and she blinked at him before flashing him a dazzling smile.

“Oui,” she said softly.

Lifting her hand, she caressed his cheek and then pulled him down for a kiss. As he straightened back up, she grasped his length and stroked him lightly. Apolline lifted her bent legs over her chest and placed him back at her entrance, but it felt different. Glancing down, Harry gasped when he realized he was pressed against her rear entrance.

“I ‘ave only allowed one man to ‘ave my derriere before,” she said. “My ‘usband.”

“Are you sure?” Harry asked, swallowing thickly.

“Oui,” Apolline smiled.

Nodding, Harry looked back down and pushed forward. They both gasped when her body opened up and accepted him. As he slowly sank deeper, she let out a long, guttural moan. Her legs moved to wrap around his waist, pulling him in until he was buried to the hilt.

“Does that hurt?” Hermione asked suddenly.

“Non,” Apolline moaned.

Wrapping her arms around Harry's neck, she pulled him down for a passionate kiss as he started thrusting lightly. Within seconds, her heels were digging into his bum, urging him to move faster and harder. Harry gave her what she wanted, swallowing the moan she let out as he slid in and out of her hot, crushing depths.

The bed shifted, and Harry broke the kiss to look around. The girls had scooted to the edge of the bed to get a better look. Fleur and Nadine watched lustfully while Hermione started in shocked fascination. When Apolline caressed his cheek, he gazed back down at her.

"I'm yours, 'Arry," she said softly. "As long as Fleur allows eet, I'm yours to take any way you weesh."

Harry's shaft swelled at the thought of having Apolline any time he wanted while Fleur whimpered.

"You like zat, Fleur?" Apolline asked with a smirk.

"Oui," she panted, rubbing her clit aggressively.

"Ees seeing you 'andsome boyfriend wiz all zese beautiful women not enough?" Apolline asked een France to feel what you do every night?"

"Oui!" Fleur gasped.

Apolline grinned as she turned back to Harry, her eyes glittering.

"I must introduce you to my seesters," she said teasingly.

Harry grunted at the thought and kissed her passionately to keep her from putting more images in his mind. As it was, he was getting close to his end. Any thought of holding back was ruined

when Apolline started moaning against his lips and shuddering under him. Apparently, he was the only one turned on by the idea.

Like mother, like daughter, he thought.

Apolline's entire body trembled suddenly, and she ripped her lips away from his to moan loudly. Harry groaned as her muscles tightened around him, spasming around his length. For a moment, he thought about pulling out at the last moment, but the desire to plant his seed in her was just too strong to overcome. Thrusting a few more times, he sank as deep as he could and erupted inside of her. Apolline gasped from the feeling, and her legs tightened around him to keep him in place.

With a satisfied sigh, Harry collapsed on top of her and caught his breath.

"We're back!" Aurora yelled.

"We'll go while you get cleaned up," Nadine said before Harry could even muster the strength to push himself up.

"Merci," Apolline said, stroking his back.

"How long until we have to leave?" Harry asked.

"Half an hour," Hermione said.

With a groan, Harry stood up and slipped out of Apolline's depths. He looked over at Fleur and blinked when he noticed she looked as spent as he felt. It took a moment for him to notice the giant wet spot on the sheets between her legs.

"We need to get you two cleaned up," Apolline smiled.

Grabbing Harry and Fleur by the hand, she led them towards the shower. Glancing at each other, they smiled brightly and shared a loving kiss as Apolline bent over to start the shower.